

EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWS PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class Matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

Business office Bell. Auto. 1115
Editorial Rooms 2020
Society Reporter 2020
Advertising department 1115

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily Herald, per month, \$5; per year, \$50. Weekly Herald, per year, \$2.00. The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Towne, Texas, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 60 cents a month. A subscriber desiring the address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

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Subscribers failing to get The Herald promptly should call at the office or telephone No. 115 before 6:30 p. m. All complaints will receive prompt attention.

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The Herald bases all advertising contracts on a guarantee of more than twice the circulation of any other paper in El Paso, Arizona, New Mexico or West Texas per day, average exceeding 10,000.

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figure of circulation guaranteed.

No. 97 *Tolson* Secretary.

Americans In Mexico

THE Mexican situation is entailing much hardship on the foreign population in that country, especially the Americans, but they are taking it good naturedly where there is reason for it. As an example, an official of the Candelaria mines in northern Chihuahua, writes: "We have had no advices here in two months and do not know if El Paso has been taken or if Roosevelt or Taft is president of the United States, but we have the finest tennis court in the republic. Visitors, please bring your own provisions; we are out."

Americans are the last to complain at conditions that cannot be remedied, but when inconvenienced, for no apparent reason, they object. One of their objections is raised over the repeated unprovoked arrests of Americans in Juarez. Numerous citizens have been taken off the cars lately—at least two positively known—and locked up for a number of hours without any charge being placed against them. No such treatment as this is accorded Mexican citizens in El Paso and the Mexican officials of Juarez owe it to the people of a friendly sister city to treat them with more consideration. If these Americans are suspected of any crime, they should be told what it is, examined at once and given a chance at least to communicate with friends or obtain counsel. They should not be locked in cells with criminals and treated as criminals unless there is at least evidence of their guilt. The Juarez officials might at least grant them the courtesy of detention in the office of the commandant until they could have a chance to disprove their guilt.

Americans in Juarez are often put to much inconvenience over trifles, but it is generally due to the stupidity of under officials. A party of Americans wishing to get some photographs of Mexican army officers in Juarez one day this week were stopped at the bridge by one of the inspectors and ordered back. Finally the inspector agreed to take them to the custom house; there the officials were more than courteous and permitted the Americans to pass. The army officers were equally as courteous and allowed their pictures to be taken. The mayor, however, declined to permit any street scenes or any buildings to be photographed; he was very positive that the pictures must not be made. Even two classes of higher officials here differed very widely in a single case. It is a peculiar condition that prevails in Juarez and friendly Americans are often put to considerable inconvenience as a result. Mexicans are not so hampered or harassed in El Paso. Not many months ago, the Mexican consul in El Paso had hysteria because certain Juarez officials had been inspected at the bridge by American customs officials—a process which nobody from the states would deny the Mexican customs officials—yet citizens of El Paso undergo many petty annoyances in Juarez for no apparent reason.

Times will be better soon—the races will close and then El Paso money will stay in El Paso.

Maybe all of us can't enjoy it, but it's a comforting sign of the times even to note that the price of automobile lights is going down.

No use for anybody to go hungry these days. The United States army is advertising for good men and there are just lots worse jobs than being a soldier.

Plays that pander to immorality ought to be suppressed from their very inception. A man who invests money in such a concern deserves no consideration and officials should not hesitate on this score. Just as the gambler's "business" is illegal and the law permits the destruction of his implements of robbery, the investment of the showman who puts money into a vicious production, should not be considered.

Just Tribute To Honest Man

A JUST tribute to a worthy man is paid by Collier's this week in its reference to the head of the reclamation service—F. H. Newell. Mr. Newell has proved an official of the very highest integrity, who has never hesitated to stand soundly for the things he believed to be best for the service and the public, regardless of the position of his superiors or of the politicians. Mr. Newell has been a friend of the El Paso project, because he thought it a deserving one, and his work in behalf of the Elephant Butte measure has been of inestimable value to the city and the valley.

Collier's says very appropriately: "F. H. Newell has stood his ground and done his work and borne what few men would have thought worth while to bear. It has been the honorable distinction of the reclamation service to have been under fire as steady and as continuous as the forest service. Time and time again was the director called upon to endure snubs, to see his orders disobeyed, even contemned by an underling in league with his overling. The affair with Perkins, who lectured at the same time for the government and the Harriman lines, drawing a salary from both, whom Newell wanted dismissed for his double dealing, is one of the most dramatic instances. The contractor for the Roosevelt dam was out of sympathy with the efforts of Mr. Newell and Arthur P. Davis, engineer of the service, who worked to save money by economizing in concrete mixing. Mr. Newell ordered the contractor to suspend operations for a time; the contractor appealed to Mr. Ballinger, who told him to go ahead, contrary to Mr. Newell's orders. Against such obstacles the director was nevertheless able to avoid the disintegration of the reclamation service. Mr. Newell became director of the reclamation service upon its creation by the reclamation act of 1902. He has organized its work; he has increased its efficiency; he has borne the heat and burden of the day of trial. He has sacrificed a career as president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and as the head of any one of a half dozen other scientific schools, and he has done this in order that he might carry to completion the great government engineering projects throughout the west which largely through him were imagined, conceived and made into reality."

An advertiser enumerates new Easter clothes as one of the important things to think of now. We are all doing it without being reminded of it. That has been the bugaboo since Christmas.

If a London doctor's dope is correct, we need have no human disfigurements in a short time. Prof. Arthur Keith, Lunterian professor at the Royal College of Surgeons, in a lecture recently declared that as a consequence of discoveries bearing on the relation between the pituitary gland at the base of the skull and the growth of the body science might soon be able to regulate human growth. Not only may increased stature be obtained, the expert said, but the growth of various parts of the body may be regulated, and the time may come when a doctor will be able, for instance, to cause a nose to grow to any desired shape.

EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I STOOD and watched the auctioneer, who bought things cheap and sold them dear. He had a loud, abysmal mouth, the which he pointed to the south, and from its dark recesses poured a flood of eloquence that soared. He'd dam the torrent now and then, and look upon the throng of men, and slam his fist the desk upon, and thunder: "Going—going—gone!"

What is there in that chaste refrain that makes it linger in my brain? I see the village sport go by, with dark blue breath and bloodshot eye, to try and ease his load of care by taking some of Fido's hair: I see him put his watch in pawn, and murmur: "Going—going—gone!"

Here's Emma Jane on Cholly's arm; she doesn't mean a bit of harm, but she's acquired a notion wrong that life is but a dance and song. The peeler says her joyous feet are wearing furrows in the street. "All pined!" says he, "some fine dawn." Another going—going—gone! So many hit the downward pike! The kind of folks that all men like: the bright, the thoughtless and the gay, all hating down the same old way! We'll lecture them, and hand them trade and load them down with helpful facts, when they are safely janded at last, but who will warn, as they go past, perdition's glaring road upon, these mortals going—going—gone!

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Leo Tolstoy ON THE GREEN STAFF

Manuscript of the Late Russian Idol; Third Instalment.

THE following is the last of three chapters of an article found, among the late count Tolstoy's unpublished manuscripts.

In his memories count Tolstoy tells that his elder brother Nicholas, one day told him a secret, which was to make all men happy, so that there would never be sickness or misfortune in the world, no man would be angry with his neighbor. "This secret was then written on a green staff, which was buried on a verandah near the mansion of Yasnaya Polyana, near the road in a place where I wish my people to bury my dead body in memory of my brother Nicholas. (This wish of Tolstoy's was carried out). "Just as I, when a child, believed in the green staff, upon which was written something that was to do away with all evil in the world and make all men happy, so I now believe that there is a truth, which when revealed to men will make them happy and fulfill all their wishes."

When Tolstoy wrote the following article in 1908 he called it "The Green Staff," he evidently did so under the influence of this memory from his childhood.

THE GREEN STAFF

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

III.

If a person does not understand why he is placed on this earth, he may do whatever he pleases, may try ever so hard to reach happiness—he will not be happy or succeed, just as a workman will not be happy if he does not do his duty and fulfill the conditions of his wages.

Only when a person understands that he is not the master of his own life, but is the son of God and therefore must fulfill his duties towards God, will he succeed in life.

Wherein, then, consists the true object of man's mission in this world, and wherein his mistake?

The mistake is this: that men forget death, forget that they do not live in this world but only pass through it. With this mistaken idea children and very often grown up people live all their lives. Very often people do not think of death even when they are very old, but live as if death did not exist as if they were sure they were to go on living forever.

The only sense which anyone may give to life, anyone who does not forget death, is to live as if he were to die, but merely a tool to carry out the will of God. By the will of God he has come into this world, must dwell here for a while and again disappear forever.

If this is no life, then what is it? To strive for a true aim; to fulfill the will of him, who sent us into this world. But what is this? The final aim I cannot know, for it is hidden in eternity, but the means to reach it, I know. To strive towards salvation, not my own, but the salvation of all the world.

Thus we see that only a firm belief in God and his commandments reveals the purpose of man in this world.

The Traitor

By Carl Busse.

IT WAS a stormy night in January. A furious wind was shaking the shutters. Col. Brettschneider, an old dog of war, long on the retired list, was thoughtfully sipping his hot grog.

"I know this wind," he said, "we used to call it the wind of Poland. It was in '62. We were near the frontier. Since then I have gone through three campaigns and had many adventures, but were I to live another 37 years I should never forget that year. In January, with the thermometer 25 below zero, I was returning to the inn with a patrol of five or six troopers. Our horses were covered with steam and under the frozen breath of the wind of Poland. It was getting dark when suddenly, from behind a statue of a saint at a crossroad a woman jumped in front of my horse and made a sign for me to stop. She was dressed in the garb of a peasant girl, her face blue with cold, her hair in disorder and not more than 17 or 18 years old. I do not care much for Polish women, for on an average they are far less good looking than the Germans, but when a Polish girl is beautiful, her beauty defies all description, and this one was the most perfect specimen of girlhood I ever laid my eyes on.

"What do you want?" I shouted at her.

She looked at me for a long time before she answered.

"Do you know Jan Czarny, Pan lieutenant?"

"Black Jan?"

"Yes—Tonight he is—he is to take five wagonloads of rifles across the frontier."

"You will have to come along. I will let you go when we have the rifles. Are you able to walk?"

"Where to? To the inn? I will not."

"She did not finish. Her fists clenched. She looked like a wild beast. We talked the matter over and at last she decided to come along to the inn and stay outside until I had put the innkeeper under guard."

"I placed everybody in the inn under guard of two of my men in the dining room. The innkeeper's eyes blazed when he saw her.

"I went to my room to get a little rest. I had five hours to wait yet and thought no more of the girl who was sitting below. Suddenly the door opened and she entered with the air of a princess, sat down at the stove and began to braid her hair paying absolutely no attention to me.

"All at once she began to talk to herself.

"Jan Czarny will not let himself be taken a prisoner. Jan Czarny is a hero, brave, strong and crafty like no other man in Poland. Oh Jan Czarny, why is your heart faithless. The blacksmith's daughter is not as beautiful as I am, and you had given me your heart to a princess, sat down at the stove and began to braid her hair paying absolutely no attention to me."

"She grew silent and began to sob."

"Time passed. At 11 o'clock I gave orders to have the horses saddled and she led out into the fiercest, dreadiest night to a road leading through the pine forest."

"The wagons will pass here shortly," she said.

"The frontier was only a short distance away, just outside the forest less than a quarter of a mile. I saw a man and a woman behind the trees. Pelascha and I watched the road. It was pitch dark and fearfully cold. She wore nothing but her ordinary indoor dress, but she did not feel the cold, which almost froze the blood in my veins.

"Suddenly they approached in the darkness. A tall young man wearing a Confederate waistcoat carrying a rifle carefully. He seemed to fear no escort, only a driver on each wagon, and a man sitting next to each. That made nine men all told counting in Jan, who was walking ahead and as he had taken the quartermaster and his men along and posted them a little further on, I had 22 men besides myself.

"When the wagons had just passed I blew my whistle. What happened now is difficult to tell. We were upon them like a whirlwind. The drivers

Wrapped In An Ignorance Profound, The Peon Is A Hopeless Proposition

Given Clothes, He Becomes a Caballero; Pay Him Well, He Throws Up His Job at Once.

MEXICO CITY, Mex., March 25.—Wrapped in ignorance so profound as to preclude all desire for knowledge; satisfied with a lot which makes him almost a brother to the ox; content with an existence which enables him to eke out only a bare living; the lot of the Mexican peon is not a pleasant one, viewed from an American standpoint. Education he might have if he desired it, actual freedom he might possess if he knew how to gain it; but to a large degree he has neither. Born without virtue, possessed of a defective mentality, he is a bundle of inconsistency. He is unworthy to a degree, yet no honest man accused of a crime was ever more mortally grieved and affronted than he. Well paid, he immediately throws up a caballeria, dresses him well and he becomes a caballero. Disgraced were he found at honest toil. Give him money enough to get a silver spangled sombrero and he returns your good intentions by throwing up his job on the spot.

Love First, Then Debt.

The average Mexican peon usually gets into debt shortly after he falls in love, and from that time on he is reduced to a state of servitude which enables the lender to command his services practically as long as he desires. In this country the ceremonies incident to the kind of marriage the peon heart craves, cost anywhere from 10 to 20 pesos. Usually the prospective benedict goes to his employer and asks for a loan of that amount. This loan is seldom repaid in full, for with a family to support and wages that barely cover the necessities, there is little to be laid aside for the satisfaction of back debts or for future rainy days. So long as the peon stays in the debt of his employer, just so long that employer is permitted, under the laws of the Mexican government, to keep him at work. Sometimes the peon will conclude that he is ill-used by his employer, and goes out and finds another master, who is willing to pay off his obligations and assume the loan himself.

Peons Number 8,000,000.

There are about 8,000,000 adults in the republic who can neither read nor write, and who constitute the peon class. The majority of them are Indians, although a million are half-bred. In Mexico they are known as "gente sin razón"—people without reason. As a rule they are deferential and quick to resent what they consider an affront to their rights. They may be compelled to work a lifetime at pitiful wages, and will never complain about it, but the minute anyone dares to disrespect them, he is likely to hear from them. The man who calls one of them a greaser had better be prepared for trouble.

The beggar class, of course, is made up of peons. Almost the first phrase a foreigner learns in Mexico is "perdoneme por Dios"—pardon me in the name of God—for wherever he goes he is confronted with the lame, the halt, the blind and more especially the blind and lame who are appealing for "centavos, señores." Many of them invoke the blessing of God and the saints upon the person of whom they beg, and the foreigner in Mexico has learned that the class of "for-dog-sake" dozens of poor, bedraggled boys and girls are to be found on the streets of every town and city and at every railroad station in the republic, each of them usually carrying a baby in a rebozo. They accost the stranger with appeals for a centavo. When they get it, it usually goes to some pulque-sodden peon, who uses it to replenish his supply of the favorite beverage.

The Dress of the Peon.

The dress of the peon and his family is usually of the cheapest kind, cotton being the favorite material. The men wear a cotton shirt and trousers and a straw sombrero. As a wrap they wear the serape, which serves as clothing by day and bedding by night. The women wear very simple clothing and wrap their head and shoulders in the rebozo, which is a sort of shawl. They have a unique way of wrapping their babies on their back, with the rebozo, and one often sees a peon woman carrying a baby on her back, a basket on her head and a bundle in each hand. Sometimes she reverses this and wraps the baby in front of her, straps her load on her back and carries a bundle in each hand. They often travel for miles so laden without seeming to tire. The children present an amusing spectacle. The little girls dress exactly like their mothers and look like plummy women and the boys dress in precisely the same style as their fathers.

Are the Peons really very artful? Moving vans are practically unknown in Mexico. Household goods and all

whipped up their horses, but found themselves surrounded by a mob of "Treasure," he shouted. "We are lost, we will die fighting."

"A shot rang out. It was Jan who had fired at me and missed. I had difficulty in restraining my men.

"Hold up your hands," I shouted to the smugglers. Eight of them obeyed and dropped their guns, but Jan stood there ready to fight. He had no time to reload his gun.

"Pelascha rushed toward him.

"Jan Czarny," she screamed, "why is your heart false? Why did you betray me, Jan Czarny? Now I betray you, I your little dog, wagons and all."

We started back, wagons and all. Pelascha was running next to Jan imploring him with her beautiful black eyes. He kicked her time and again, but she humbly bowed her head. His eyes were flaming with hatred.

"Jan Czarny, my beloved," she murmured.

"He threw back his head proudly.

"Pelascha Nowicka," he said without raising his voice, "the devil will take your hands; they will not be tied. On that day you die."

"Yes, my beloved!"

"I rode ahead, turning around from time to time. Pelascha was still at Jan's side, pleading with him.

"Suddenly I heard an oath, a flash, a loud report, and Pelascha dropped dead. There is a moment's general confusion. Jan alone remains calm.

"Right in the heart," he exclaimed. "Thank you, dragon. Now you may tie my hands as tight as you please."

"Rough fists struck him down. Others raised the young girl. The quartermaster pointed to a round hole in the bottom of her dress.

"Right through the heart, lieutenant, there is nothing to be done."

"Little by little I found out what had happened. Black Jan had asked the dragon to tie his hands a little higher up the arms. The soldier had untied the knots and at the same moment Jan

Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin



A long memory an' a long tongue er ole crones. Constable Plum wuz out t' th' poor farm t'day t' see a feller that studied bookkeepin' th' same time he did.

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1907

Waters Davis went to Las Cruces at noon.

Four paupers were buried today by the county undertaker.

Captain Hughes, of the rangers, came up from Yuleta this morning.

Merchandise shipments into Mexico through this port are heavier than ever before.

President Sylvester Watts, of the Water company, arrived home over the G. H. today.

President Robinson, of the Mexican Central, has ordered 700 new freight cars for that line.

Senor Ybarra and family arrived from Mexico City at noon and continued westward to Guaymas.

Over 3000 cars of corn have been shipped from Kansas to Mexico through the port of El Paso this season.

The joint office in this city handled 52 cars of cattle this morning and more are coming over this afternoon.

Last night the mercury was down to 27 degrees above zero, but at that time was three degrees above the previous night.

Norman Kimmenger deeded to Z. T. White two-fifths interest in the property at the southeast corner of El Paso and Overland streets.

Former United States senator Ingalls, of Kansas, arrived in El Paso this afternoon on the Southern Pacific and will spend several days here.

The dog catcher is in evidence this afternoon on South El Paso street and got in trouble with a dog owner, whose animal he tried to capture.

J. R. Finley has leased 640 acres of land in El Paso county from the state for five years at three cents per acre. Janitor Connors has placed a dark loam over the courthouse lawn which insures a fine crop of grass.

Anselmo Carmona, a Mexican, was found dead at the Santa Fe stockyards about three feet from the rightway just after daybreak today. His month was bloody, but there was nothing to indicate that he had been struck by a train.

The total registered vote of the city is 1905, of which 428 are Mexicans and 99 negroes. Two years ago the registered vote numbered 1758, but it was much easier to register then. Now all foreigners must take out their papers six months before registering.

Millard Patterson, counsel for the El Paso Southern Railway company, filed an amended petition with the city council this morning asking for a right-of-way along Utah street, First street and East Overland street to the T. F. tracks in Cotton addition.

Congressman Stephens, of this city, has written that he will introduce a bill to give old Fort Bliss to the state or national government. The matter was referred to county judge Harper and he has written Mr. Stephens that he thinks the property particularly well suited for use as a hospital ground.

NICE BUSCH OF CHAFF

From Memphis (Tenn.) News-Scimitar.

President Diaz is holding out a nice bowl of chaff to his insurrectionary fellow citizens. They probably know the old man too well, however, to be thus taken in.

Success Talks To Men and Boys

By Dr. Madison C. Peters

BUSINESS PROVERBS

TRUTH is mighty—scarce.

Emerson says: "Aim high."

Better still—hit!

The man who is satisfied with his lot has either passed the dead line or is lying.

Between two evils choose—neither. Be sure and you may rise—at the business end of a boot.

Pay as you go—if you can't pay don't go.

All work and no play makes a dull speech.

A really great man is never stuck up—but a little fellow who falls into a big place always puts on airs.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, we would cut our own acquaintance.

St. Dun and wait to be appreciated and you will find yourself useful for baggage after the 20th Century Limited has gone by.

If you think there are no honest men alive, you had better not say it until you are dead yourself.

Present day politics is like an antiquated egg, the more you see of it the less you like it.

Treat your political party as you do a street car—stay with it as long as it gives you way.

Don't judge a man by his family—Cain belonged to the first family.

Never too late to learn—unless you know it all. That settles it.

Put the lid down tight on your worries—sit on it and then smile.

The more a man knows the easier it is to convince him that he is wrong and the less he knows the harder it is to make him believe that he does not know anything.

"Figures won't lie," but under skilful manipulation they may prevaricate to an extent that answers the liar's purpose.

The secret of a physician's success—to hit the ail on the head.

Honesty is the best policy—but few politicians ever take the best of anything.

If you want to make a sunny day for your heirs look out for a rainy one.

If you must marry a fool pick out a good looking one.

Love makes the world go round but marriage keeps the men hustling.

A man without a sense of humor is like a wagon without springs, in which you are disagreeably jolted by every pebble over which it runs.

"Credit to whom credit is due"—better take the cash.

Don't be a clam—if you must belong to that family be a mud-turtle and you will at least have some snap to you.

Consistency thou art a mule! Don't be consistent. Be true.